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COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Last week at Covent Garden Theatre was again a busy one, and Mr F. H. Cowen, the new conductor, may be complimented on the skill with which he varies the entertainments. The Wagner programme was a real success. The different pieces were not only well selected, but judiciously classed, with a view to contrast of effect. To cite examples—the mystic prelude to the first act of *Lohengrin*, coming directly after the stormy overture to the *Fliegende Holländer*, transported us to a different region, showing that a legend much more remote than the *Flying Dutchman* in the waves of myth could be just as subservient to musical treatment in the hands of one equally a poet and musician; then, nothing more diametrically opposed to the Funeral March for Siegfried could be imagined than the restless, turbulent overture to *Die Meistersinger*, that “comic opera,” with which, as with the deeply tragic *Tristan und Isolde*, Wagner beguiled some leisure time while yet the vast scheme of the *Ring des Nibelungen* was in progress; and finally, no two pieces, although belonging to the same opera (*Die Walküre*), could contrast more forcibly with each other than Wotan’s “Farewell” to his favourite child, Brünhilde, whom, by aid of the god, Loge, he has enveloped in the flames of a burning wood, until some human champion, knowing not fear, shall come to rescue and claim her for his mortal wife, and the famous “Ride” of the female warriors, whose business it is to bring slain captives from earthly battle fields, to swell the army of Walhalla, and aid the timorous gods in resisting the bold encroachments of giants and the stealthy designs of subterranean dwarfs. We are, however, of opinion that the “Ride of the Walküren” should have preceded, instead of coming after, the “Fire Charn,” as in Wagner’s lyric drama. Among the above-named excerpts, that which inevitably suffers materially is the solemn march from *Götterdämmerung*, of which people not familiar with the incidents and aspirations that make up the life of the ingenious god-born hero, to every one of which reference is made by the themes so subtly interwoven, cannot by any means form an adequate notion. Both this and the “Fire Charn” might have been accompanied with advantage in the programme by some brief explanatory note, so as to help the audience to a better appreciation. As it was, they fell comparatively dead, whereas all the other pieces, standing in need of no such assistance, were heard with more or less satisfaction, especially the “Ride,” which, under any conditions, would speak loudly for itself, and, given by the orchestra with far more spirit than on a previous occasion, was unanimously encored. To complete the Wagner selection, Elizabeth’s air from *Tannhäuser* was extremely well sung by Mrs Osgood; Mr Howard Reynolds played on the cornet, in his best manner, the romance from the same opera, known among us as “O star of eve;” Mad. Frickenhaus introduced Liszt’s pianoforte arrangement of Senta’s characteristic “Spinnlied,” from the *Fliegende Holländer*, which gave full scope to her brilliant execution; and the first part terminated imposingly with the Festival March, again from *Tannhäuser*.

The second “classical night” yielded very little in interest to the first. The overture to *Rosamunda*, by Schubert, and a very rarely performed symphony in B flat of Mozart’s would alone have made it acceptable. Our earliest acquaintance with the exquisite music of *Rosamunda*, *Princess of Cyprus*, is due to the research of Mr G. Groves, with the sanction and encouragement of the Crystal Palace directors. The author of *Rosamunda* was that eccentric lady, Helmina Chezy, to whom Carl Marie von Weber was indebted for the book of his *Euryanthe*. The drama failed, but Schubert’s music (and no wonder) was admired. The overture, however, was not written expressly for *Rosamunda*. It formed the orchestral prelude to an opera called *Alfonso and Estrella*, composed a year earlier (1822), but never publicly given until Franz Liszt, always sympathising with merit which he deemed unjustly ignored, produced it under his personal direction at Weimar, where it met with scant recognition—only, according to Schubert’s very diffuse biographer, Kreisler von Hellborn, being once performed. Schubert was unlucky in these matters, and, indeed, his exceptional gifts taken into consideration, was unlucky through the whole of his brief career (he died before reaching his thirty-second birthday). The overture to *Alfonso and Estrella* is a fascinating work, and it matters little whether it is given under that name, or as overture to *Rosamunda*. Mozart’s symphony, styled “No. 11,” we may suppose, because it was published, among others, long after the six great works of the kind with which the Philharmonic Society was first to make the English public familiar, although composed some years before the first of them (in D—1782, the year of the *Seraglio*, the first of the quartets dedicated to Haydn, and other important works), has the melodic charm, the contrapuntal fluency, and the symmetry of form by which its author is at once and so easily recognised. Mozart was by nature polyphonist; he spoke, it may be said, in “counterpoint,” as though he could not help it; but, on the other hand, his exhaustless melodic faculty saved him, in any circumstances,

from being rated as a pedant. Such music as his can never be unwelcome, and admirably played, as on the present occasion, must always please those whose ears are attuned to the influence of harmony as pure as it is unpremeditated. Beethoven’s fifth and grandest pianoforte concerto was well played by Mad. Frickenhaus, who, nevertheless, took the final movement at so leisurely a pace as to deprive it of all its spirit and characteristic individuality. The tuneful gavotte from Gluck’s *Armida*, an opera which, at the Paris Académie Royale de Musique, entirely eclipsed the *Armide et Renaud* of Lulli, composed more than three-quarters of a century previous to the same text of Quinault, was so delicately played, and so much to the taste of a large majority of the audience, that it had to be repeated. Not the least of Gluck’s qualifications was his ability to write tuneful, *ad captandum* dance music. Mad. Patey and Mr Maybrick selected airs by Handel, and Mrs Osgood sang the graceful canzonet from Spohr’s *Azor and Zemira*, an opera which, nearly half a century ago, used to turn the heads of our young musicians. Our admirable and accomplished contralto, Mad. Patey, selected a once celebrated and even now admired song from *Rinaldo*, the great Saxon’s fourth Italian opera, built upon the same episode in Tasso’s *Jerusalem* as the *Armide* of Lulli and Gluck and the *Armida* of Rossini. She sang it in perfection. Nothing could better suit the graceful, unaffected style of Mrs Osgood than Spohr’s canzonet—so like Mozart’s “Voi che sapete.” The “classical” section of the concert, with the March composed by Mendelssohn in honour of the visit of Cornelius, the painter, to Dresden, which, though in manner and form bearing a strong family resemblance to other marches from his pen, contains a trio (the first of two) so captivating as alone would suffice to recommend it. In this the band of the Coldstream Guards appropriately took part.

For the “English night” Mr Cowen had prepared a selection, which seemed to meet with general approval, beginning with Balfe’s spirited overture to his first English opera, *The Siege of Rochelle* (Drury Lane Theatre, under Alfred Bunn—1835), immediately followed by the “Dance of Nymphs and Reapers,” from the music to Shakspeare’s *Tempest*, composed by Mr Arthur Sullivan, when a “Mendelssohn scholar” at Leipsic—a genuine inspiration of youthful fantasy, and still, like its companion pieces, among the most lauded of his productions. We had also the orchestral suite of five movements, *Im Schwarzwalde*, by Mr F. Corder, who, like Mr Sullivan, was at one time student in the Royal Academy of Music. These, which have already been heard at the Crystal Palace, gain considerably on more intimate acquaintance, especially the second movement, “The Brooklet,” in D major, and the third, “Noontide Stillness,” in A, predominating key of the suite—the first, a piquant and animated scherzo, the second, a somewhat brief adagio, each attractive in its way. We were glad to hear this music again, and even more so the graceful overture, *Mountain, Lake, and Forest*, by Mr Harold Thomas, which found warm admirers on the occasion of its first performance at a Philharmonic concert, in February last. Mr Harold Thomas, now a professor of admitted rank, was formerly a student at the Royal Academy, his adviser being the late Sterndale Bennett. In saying, then, that his overture occasionally reminds us of the engaging style of that distinguished English master, and that the very opening, although in “four,” instead of “six,” measure, and in the key of G, instead of D, involuntarily conjures up reminiscences of the *Natads*, one of the most finished productions of Bennett’s art, we suggest nothing in disparagement of Mr Thomas’s overture, which is agreeable throughout and consistently shaped—the work, in fact, of a practised musician, who not merely expresses himself with fluency, but has ideas amenable to natural development. The second theme, in the key of the dominant, is as pleasing as the first, and the second part, or “free fantasia,” ingeniously worked out. *The Mountain, Lake, and Forest* has no exceptional pretensions, but that it is a composition of more than average excellence can hardly fail to be admitted by capable judges. It is a reflex of the author’s impressions while sojourning amid scenery plainly indicated by its nomenclature, and as such claims serious attention. A gavotte by Mr E. Sharp, and a rondo “à la Turque,” by Mr Cowen, agreeable bagatelles for the pianoforte, played by Mme Frickenhaus; a well written allemande, by Mr Anderson; songs by Balfe, Messrs Frederick Clay and Cowen, assigned to Miss Orridge, Edward Lloyd, and Miss Mary Davies (the last two encored), and a march by Miss Lillie Albrecht, completed the first part of the programme. The “miscellaneous” part began with a “selection” from Mr Cowen’s *Rose Maiden*, effectively arranged by Mr Alfred Austin, including some of the most striking and melodious themes, with solos for flute, oboe, and cornet, admirably executed by Messrs Radcliff, Horton, and Howard Reynolds. The second of the promised six symphonies of Beethoven (in B flat, No. 4) was, on the whole, the best orchestral display on all hands that up to this moment has been vouchsafed to us. This being accompanied by the overtures to *Les Deux Journées* (Cherubini), and *Heimkehr* (Mendelssohn), together

with the beautiful interlude from the last act of Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, gave to the Beethoven Symphony night all the aspect of a "classical" event. On Wednesday evening we had more contributions of the same order. Mr Cowen, indeed, seems bent upon making us all musical, and it is to be hoped that his enthusiasm may meet with the reciprocation it deserves. Among other pieces, for example, were Weber's overture, *Rubezahl* (the *Ruler of the Spirits*); the overture and *entractes* from Schumann's *Maufred*—that effort of genius, which Mendelssohn's most earnest and aspiring contemporary preferred to everything else he had written; the magical *Danse des Sylphes*, from *La Damnation de Faust* of Berlioz (encored); and the "Italian Symphony" of Mendelssohn—so long held in abeyance, and now for many years past one of the most universally popular of his works. In addition to the foregoing, Miss Josephine Lawrence, a young pianist, of whom we have on more than one occasion spoken favourably, won genuine approval by her performance, in the first part, of Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso" in B minor, with orchestra (why "capriccioso" it is difficult to say, seeing that it is in perfectly symmetrical form, and that Mendelssohn himself styled it simply "Rondo Brillante," a title which suits it exactly), and, in the second, of Schumann's "Arabesque," and a harpichord lesson by Domenico Scarlatti. Not the least attractive feature of the programme was a selection from the last act of Auber's *Gustave III.*, containing ballet music worthy the composer of *La Muette de Portici*, than which higher praise could not be given. The remainder of the concert was purely miscellaneous, the singers being Miss Anna Williams and Messrs Edward Lloyd and Maybrick. For the "English" concert to-night we are promised Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, with chorus, added to solo vocalists and orchestra.—*Times*.

MICHAEL IVANOVITCH GLINKA.

(Continued from page 530.)

M. Laroche, in the work we have already quoted, analyses and characterises the music of his country as follows:

"Consider the melody, with its piquant and unexpected advance, its fancies, its leaps, and its designs of graceful ornamentation; the harmony, with its system of chords transparent as crystal, and its plagal and Phrygian cadences, opening up such vast prospects to the soul; the rhythm, which so frankly makes itself at home, and, in its unrestricted freedom, unfolds so capriciously the different forms of the music—does not all this depict the Russian people? Do we not perceive reflected in it, as in an unknown microcosm, the rude liberty of bearing which distinguishes the Russian, with his clear, sober mind, his need of broad comfort, and his antipathy for all trammels and all restraint? Lastly, does not the profusion of musical blossoms, the inexhaustible variety of creations springing spontaneously out of the ground, show, when compared with our sterility in the plastic and figurative arts, the depth of our domestic life, the rich lyricism of our nation, concealed beneath the roughness and wretchedness of external forms? Well, yes! nature among us is wanting in picturesqueness; our costumes are abominable, and our entire organisation, I am prepared to admit, eludes the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel. But the accents of our folk's melodies are so profound, their diversity of form so seductive, and their novelty so perfect, that we may with thorough confidence direct our glances to the future, and contemplate with an assured eye the artistic destinies of our country. Our national songs are a certain guarantee of the value of Russian music, and would suffice to prove our æsthetic aptitude. But this is not the only testimony; we may mention with pride a great Russian artist, who, brought up in the school of popular melody, knew how to preserve its character in immortal works, and thus portray with inimitable success the Russian people and their most minute peculiarities. That artist, that master, is Michael Ivanovitch Glinka."

When relying on his own inspiration, Glinka is a fertile, pleasing, graceful, and original melodist. The most exquisite simplicity, a sort of frank ingenuousness, and a perfume of piquant freshness, render his songs something special. There is nothing commonplace about what he does. As for conventional forms and those expedients whose effect on the public is attested by frequent experience, he disdained to learn or to employ them. He displays, combined with a horror of pedantry and pretension, a just and deep sense of expressive style. His harmony is always distinguished, and often strikingly eccentric. The modulation, frequent in his works, is almost invariably unexpected, and has a tendency to the relative minor. The tendency in question is exceedingly characteristic, but lends to many of his pieces—and this is the peculiarity most open to criticism in his compositions and, perhaps, in Russian music—an

air of listless indolence, a vague and ill-defined character. From what was said in the preceding chapters, the reader may gain some idea of the form in Glinka's operas. As for instrumentation, the author of *Life for the Czar* was at an early period acquainted with all the secrets and knew how to employ all the resources of this branch of the art. In certain portions, however, of his second opera, we remark too frequent imitations of Weber's orchestral style. But, when grappling with a phantasmagorical subject, how escape the magic influence of him who exercised such sway over water-sprites, gnomes, and fairies? *Rousslan* may be described as nothing more or less than a Russian *Oberon*, and Glinka consequently employed the same colours for it. Unconsciously, no doubt, for he declared he was not over-fond of the music of him who wrote *Der Freischütz*. One day he told Liszt so. "I quite believe it," retorted the pianist. "You and Weber are two rivals courting the same woman."

VIII.

Glinka's talent and works were as unknown to the Parisian public, in the year of grace 1844, as he himself was. On one solitary occasion only had reference been made to him in the *Gazette Musicale*. A St Petersburg letter addressed to that paper, and dated the 10th January, 1837, contained, in an account of *Life for the Czar*, the following: "The new opera has solved an important problem for art in general, and for Russia in particular, by revealing to us the existence of Russian music." The writer spoke with earnest esteem of the composer as one "versed in the secrets of Italian melody and of German harmony," and who, "rich in original talent, had shown by a brilliant effort that Russian melody, now dreamy, now gay, and at another time animated, may rise also to the pathetic style." At the period of which we are speaking, Russia was known principally by the *Letters of the Marquis de Custine*, which, written in 1828 and published in 1830, could not even mention Glinka. But another traveller had spoken of him. In the *Revue de Paris* for March, 1844, a writer said:

"As to music, the Russians possess national songs stamped with melancholy, for the melodies of nascent communities are always plaintive, as if to resemble a wail. For some time, they have been trying their hand at opera. *Life for the Czar*, by Glinka, displays valuable originality, and is perhaps their first work of art which is not an imitation. Science assumes in it a form so artless and popular; the work, both as regards poem and music, is so faithful an epitome of all that Russia has suffered and sung; it depicts so well her hatreds and her love, her tears and her joys, her deep night and then her radiant dawn; it is at first so sad a lament and afterwards so proud and so triumphant a hymn of redemption, that the lowliest peasant, transported from his *izba* to the theatre, would be touched to the very bottom of his heart. It is more than an opera; it is a musical epopeia, in instance of the lyric drama restored to the nobility of its primitive aims, when it was not a frivolous amusement, but a patriotic and religious solemnity. I never attended a performance of this piece without deep and sympathetic emotion."

A few lines from the correspondent of the *Gazette Musicale* and the enthusiastic appreciation of a distinguished writer in the *Revue de Paris* are not sufficient to found a reputation. Glinka, who had taken small furnished lodgings on the fifth floor in the *Passage de l'Opera*, was able to walk about on the Boulevard des Italiens as isolated as the most insignificant provincial, arrived the day before, and with all the independence of action which perfect incognito bestows on strangers. Being by no means in the habit of endeavouring to direct events, and, with his natural carelessness, abandoning himself to the chances of existence, he neglected, during the early part of his sojourn, the serious object of his journey, forgetting himself somewhat in the delights of the little *Théâtre Chantierine*. Luckily some friends arrived from St Petersburg, and snatched him from this listlessness. He was introduced to the Secretary of an Embassy, who put him in communication with Berlioz. The latter was already meditating a visit to the land of roubles. He received Glinka with extreme courtesy. Three times a week the unappreciated composer welcomed his foreign acquaintance, displaying, for his benefit, in long and familiar conversations, all the seductive charm of a brilliant talker of the most original turn of mind. In the winter of 1845 he organised in the *Cirque of the Champs-Élysées* a series of Concert-Festivals, with an

* *Une Année en Russie*, letters to Saint-Marc Girardin, by Henri Mérimée, cousin of the Senator and Academician; like him an archaeologist and philologist, besides being an enlightened musical amateur.

orchestra of a hundred and sixty performers and a chorus of two hundred singers. He did Glinka the honour of admitting some pieces by the latter among the rest. The programme of the concert for the 16th March announced:

FIRST PART.

Overture to *The Spectre*.....Schneitzhaeffer
Rondo from the Opera, *Life for the Czar*, sung by Mad.
Solovieva (*née* Verteuil).....Glinka
Prayer from *Moise*.....Rossini
"Dies Ira" and "Tuba Mirum" from the *Mass for the Dead*.....Berlioz
Grand Dance-air composed on themes of the Caucasus and the
Crimea in the Russian opera, *Rousslan and Ludmila*.....Glinka

On Sunday, the 6th of April, between the fragments of a nonet by Félicien David and the Queen Mab Scherzo, from his *Romeo and Juliet*, Berlioz again had the cavatina and rondo from *Life for the Czar* performed.

Four days afterwards, on Thursday, the 10th of April, at eight o'clock in the evening, Glinka gave a concert of his own for the benefit of the Association des Artistes Musiciens, founded two years previously by the late lamented Baron Taylor. He engaged for this concert, which took place in the Salle Herz, the band of the Italiens, with Tilmant as conductor. All the Russian colony responded to his appeal. There was a most brilliant gathering, with a profusion of diamonds and flowers. The programme comprised, in addition to several vocal pieces, the "Cracovienne" from *Life for the Czar*, Tchernomor's March from *Rousslan and Ludmila*, and a Scherzo-Fantasia in the form of a Waltz. The receipts amounted to fifteen hundred francs. In the following letter to his friend Koukolnik, Glinka describes the effect of these various performances and the general results of his visit to Paris.

(To be continued.)

EGOES OF THE WEEK.

(From "Punch.")

My esteemed colleague of the *Smokely-on-Sewer Observer* is entirely in error in stating that Oliver Cromwell ever wore spectacles, and that, from those aids to vision being tri-lateral and of an azure hue, he was known among his Presbyterian Soldiers, now as "True Blue," and now as "Goggles." Nothing whatever of the kind. I knew "Old Noll" very well; that is to say, I remember my grandmother telling me that she could remember a Punch and Judy man who had once been in possession of the skull of the illustrious Protector (whom Shenstone justly calls "the Greatest Prince who ever reigned in England"), and that, from the appearance of the supercilious ridge, the external and internal orbicular prominences, and the nasal frontal suture, he was certain that Cromwell never wore spectacles.

I wonder whether the bantering expression, "*Nolle prosequi*" (used when you decline to go any further with a wearisome companion), refers in any way to Cromwell having been exceptionally active in the prosecution of Charles the First. And, touching etymons, it might be as well to consult Junius, Skinner, Worcester, Walker, Webster (O, rare Ben Webster!), Ménage, Phillips, Wedgwood, and Professor Skeat as to whether there be any foundation for the popular belief that "Old Noll" should properly be spelt "Knoll," the word having a sly reference to the "eminence" attained by the victor of Naseby.

Mem.—There are to my knowledge (I had almost said "Nol" ledge) eleven heads of Old Noll extant: one at Knole Park; another in the Hoodlum Museum, Kearney Street, San Francisco; a third at Chandernagore; a fourth belonging to the Time-keeper of the Straits of Malacca; a fifth in the Bodleian Library (this is from the collection of old Nollekens, the sculptor); a sixth at Mme Tussaud's (only the proprietors are not aware of the fact, and exhibit the skull as that of Henri Quatre); a seventh in the Kiatigorod Museum at Moscow; an eighth in the Balearic Isles (it is that of Oliver when he was at school); a ninth in the Sultan's private cabinet of *caimés*, coupons, and crania at Constantinople; a tenth in the Trippenhuis Gallery at Amsterdam; and an eleventh in the possession of your humble servant. Not any are genuine except mine.

A fair correspondent writes me that through the munificence of Sir John Tenpenny Naylor, Bart., M.P., the charming little town of East Grinnington has been endowed with a Free Library, of which a special section has been apportioned to lady readers; and, as a member of the Library committee, she asks me for a succinct list of useful and entertaining works suitable for "general reading," say of

girl students, between the ages of nine and nineteen. I have the greatest pleasure in complying with her request. Here is the list:—

Higgins's *Anacalypsis*; Horne Tooke's *Diversions of Purley*; Boppsius *On Tetrahedral Decadendra*; Quackenbosch *On the Equivocal Quincunx*; Sir R. Phillips's *Essays on the Proximate Mechanical Causes of the General Phenomena of the Universe*; Spinoza *On Diseases of the Spine*; Albertus Magnus' *Life of General Grant*; Professor Oxley's *Letters of Old Bull, The Zendavesta*; Dr Butterfield's *Memoirs of Tosti*; *The Fall of Wolsey*; a *Historic Study*, by Sir Coutts Lindsay; *Crystallography for Kitchens*, by the Hon. Mrs Grey Malkin; Bayle's *Critical Dictionary*; *What's in a name?* a Novel, by Miss Louisa Lawn Tennison; Jorjovius's *Theory of the Spheroid Bulb*; Elecampadius's *Greek Roots*; *The Tatty Koran*; Bacon's *Minor Essays*, comprising "Rasher Thoughts," "Up the Rind," and the "Perfect Cure"; Mouldymugg's *Thoughts on Suicide and Meditations on Homoeopathy*; the *Belle's Assemblée* for the year 1813; Grindarani's *Organic Remains*; and Joachim Ruff's *Guide to the Turf*.

I shall be happy to reply either in this column or directly to my correspondent "Oogipoff," if he will favour me with some more definite address than "Bedford Level, Vale of White Horse;" but I must respectfully request that neither he, nor the gentleman from Hanwell (who bit my parlour-maid in the arm last Wednesday), nor the lady who claims to be the rightful heir to "England's Thorny Throne" (see her thirty-seventh letter to me), will in future repair to my private residence at 7 a.m., for the purpose of throwing mud, eggs, ginger-beer bottles, and other missiles at my dining-room windows, because I have been unable to discover whether it was George Selwyn, Machiavelli, or the Arabian physician, Avicenna, who made use of the remarkable expression: "That accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut; but not for the hair outside."

I have often thought that remark anent the milk in the cocoa-nut worthy to make a sixth with the famous five aphorisms of Hippocrates. I wonder whether I could repeat them, now, without book. I remember, more than seven-and-forty years ago, learning them (the aphorisms, not the years) at my good old nurse, Muffin's, knee. Let me see—

<i>Ho Bios bracheus.</i>	Life is short—when it is fast.
<i>He de techné makre.</i>	Art is long—when Mr E. Burne-Jones's young maidens wind down "Golden Stairs."
<i>Ho de kairos okus.</i>	The occasion fleeting—when the train only stops five minutes for refreshment at Mugby Junction.
<i>He de peira sphalere.</i>	Experience fallacious—when, for the seventh time, you have bought a painted sparrow for a canary.
<i>He de krusis galape.</i>	Judgment difficult—in the Long Vacation.

In the matter of Alamode Beef, "Toopay" tells me that it is made from chamois leather, marine glue, cardamoms, and Dr Gillyflower's Patent Food. "X. Y. Z." remarks sarcastically that the merest schoolboy ought to know that alamode is a careful preparation of coucousou, pilaf polpetti, ravioli, stchi, salmagundi, ollapodrica, clam-chowder, and that the peculiar flavour is imparted to it by means of the inspissated juice of the manioc (*Tolderollidius vulgaris*), and "cherrybungo." But what is "cherrybungo?" I have searched Schrevelius, Liddell and Scott, Littré and Walker continued by Hooker (a most judicious lexicographer, who also wrote on Ecclesiastical Politeness), but can find nothing about "cherrybungo." Will Professor Skeat oblige?

Mem.—"Brumbrum" says that Hogarth was very fond of alamode, and that he can remember the period when Mr Worth, of Paris, kept an alamode-shop.

P.S.—There will not be any "Egoes" next week, as I am going to Honolulu, by the way of the Gulf of Bothnia, and the Bight of Benin. Dear old Bight of Benin!—*Vos valete et plaudite.*

THE ELECTRIC LIGHTER,
(G. A. S. superseded.)

Hysterical London News.

SFA.—Mdlle Victoria de Bunsen has announced a concert here on the 10th September, with Herr Hollman. Miss Bessie Richards is also coming here from Aix-les-Bains. It is a pity she cannot be in time to be one of the party. It would make a charming trio.

DUSSELDORF.—"Festival Concerts," in conjunction with the Exhibition, were given on the 8th and 9th inst. The programmes included only works by composers who had lived and exercised their profession in this place. Among them may be mentioned the D minor symphony, Schumann; *St Paul*, Mendelssohn; the B flat major Chorus for male voices, with orchestra, Julius Tausch; overture to *Dionys*, Burgmüller; "Festouvertüre," Rietz; Scenes from Goethe's *Faust*, Schumann; and Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, performed by Herr Leopold Auer. The chorus consisted of 500 ladies, 90 boys, and 320 men; the band of 100 members.

Brown's Letters to Hueffer.

(Continued from page 533.)

LETTER II.

My Lord,—In the former sheets I have endeavoured to explain to your Lordship the nature of simple recitative, and to describe the kind of verse appropriated to it. I proceed now to treat of the higher parts of vocal music, those, namely, which are adapted to the more interesting and pathetic passages of the drama. With respect to these, distinctions have been likewise made by the Italians, which seem perfectly well founded. They must, in the first place, have observed that all those passages in which the mind of the speaker is agitated by a rapid succession of various emotions, are, from their nature, incompatible with any particular strain or length of melody; for that which constitutes such particular strain is the relation of several parts to one whole. Now, it is this whole which the Italians distinguish by the name of *motivo*, which may be translated *strain*, or *subject of the air*, and which they conceive to be inconsistent with the brevity and desultory sense of those ejaculations, which are the effect of a high degree of agitation. Air they think even inadmissible in those passages, in which, though the emotions be not various, yet the sentences are broken and incoherent. To give an instance, the following speech, though terror be uniformly expressed by the whole of it, seems not at all a subject fit to be comprehended under, or expressed by, one regular strain:—

Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed?—Where should he die?
Oh! torture me no more—I will confess.
Alive again! Then shew me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pounds to look on him.
He hath no eyes; the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair—look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink, &c.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry VI.*

But, whilst the Italians conceived such passages to be incompatible with that regularity of measure, and that unity of strain which is essential to air, they felt, however, that they were of all others the most proper subject for musical expression. And, accordingly, both the poet and musician seem, by mutual consent, to have bestowed on such passages their chief study; and the musician, in particular, never fails to exert on them his highest and most brilliant powers. It is to them they adapt that species of recitative termed *recitativo instrumentato*, or *recitativo obbligato*—accompanied recitative. In this kind of recitative the singer is, in a more special manner, left to the dictates of his own feelings and judgment with respect to the measure. He must not, indeed, reverse the natural prosody of the language, by making short what should be long, or *vice versa*; but he may not only proportionally lengthen the duration of each syllable, but he may give to particular syllables what length he pleases, and precipitate considerably the pronunciation of others, just as he thinks the expression requires. The march of the notes is very different in this from that of the common or simple recitative; delicacy, pathos, force, dignity, according to the different expressions of the words, are its characteristics. It is in this species of song that the finest effects of the chromatic, and, as far as our system of musical intervals is susceptible of it, even of the enharmonic scale, are peculiarly felt; and it is here also that the powers of modulation are most happily, because most properly, employed, by changes of tone analogous to the variety of the matter, in a wonderful manner enforcing and characterizing the transitions which are made from one subject or emotion to another. Here, too, the whole orchestra lends its aid; nor are the instruments limited to the simple duty of supporting and directing the voice. In this high species of recitative it is the peculiar province of the instrumental parts, during those pauses which naturally take place between the bursts of passion which a mind strongly agitated breaks into, to produce such sounds as serve to awake in the audience sensations and emotions similar to those which are supposed to agitate the speaker. Here, again, another fine distinction is made by the Italians between the descriptive and pathetic powers of music. These last are proper to the voice, the former to the orchestra alone. Thus, the symphonies which accompany this kind of recitative, besides the general analogy they must have to the immediate sentiments, and even to the character, of the speaker, are often particularly descriptive of the place in which he is, or of some other concomitant circumstance which may serve to heighten the effect of the speech itself. Suppose, for example, the scene to be a prison; the symphonies, whilst they accord with the general tenor of the words, will paint, if I may be allowed the expression, the horrors of the dungeon itself. And I can assure your Lordship that I have heard

symphonies of this kind strongly expressive of such horrors. Again, suppose the scene by moonlight and the general tone of the passion plaintive, the sweetness, the serenity, and (though to those who have never experienced the effects of music in this degree it may seem paradoxical to say so), even the solitude, nay, the silence of the scene, would make part of the ideas suggested by the symphonies. Should a storm be introduced, the skilful composer would contrive to make the rain beat and the tempest howl most fearfully, by means of the orchestra. Nay, in a scene such as that of the dying Beaufort, which I have quoted above to your Lordship, the musician, following close the wild ravings of the speaker, would, during the pauses of the speech, call forth from the instruments such sounds as would thrill with terror the audience, by realizing, in a manner, to their sense and feeling, the horrible apprehensions of his distracted mind. But the combined powers of melody and harmony are never more effectually felt than when, in this kind of recitative, they are employed to mark some very striking transition. In a scene of madness, for example, where the imagination of the speaker is supposed to start from a gloomy desert to flowery meads, the orchestra would, by an immediate change of measure, of melody, of harmony, perhaps of sounds, too, mark the transition—would proceed to spread out the smiling landscape, to adorn it with gayest flowers, to awake the zephyr, and, in short, give to the audience, by means of a wonderful analogy of sounds, the most lively representation of the new image which is supposed to have taken possession of the madman's mind. These are effects of what I have ventured to call the Descriptive, or Imitative, powers of music. With respect to the transitions of passion, such as from tenderness to jealousy, from joy to anger, &c., these belong to the Pathetic powers of music, and are the peculiar province of the vocal part. Often, in the middle of a very agitated recitative, on the occurrence of some tender idea, on which the mind is supposed to dwell with a kind of melancholy pleasure, the music loses, by degrees, the irregular character of recitative, and resolves gradually into the even measure and continued melody of Air, then, on a sudden, at the call of some idea of an opposite nature, breaks off again into its former irregularity. This change from Recitative to Air, and thence to Recitative again, never fails, when properly introduced, to have a very striking and beautiful effect. Whilst it is the business of the orchestra thus closely to accompany the sentiments and situation of the singer, the actor, in his turn, as there is no note without a meaning, must be continually attentive to the orchestra. During those intervals, in which the instruments may be said to speak, his action must be in strict concert with the music; everything must tend to the same point; so that the poet, the musician, the actor, must all seem to be informed by one soul. If your Lordship, to the natural voice of passion, and the proper and graceful expression of action, imagines, thus united, the intrinsic charm of sound itself, and the wonderful powers of melody and harmony, I hope you will join with me in opinion, that the effect produced by such union is much richer, much more beautiful, much more powerful and affecting, than any that can be produced by simple declamation. Though, in passages of this description, the language ought certainly to rise with the subject, yet the verse which is here made use of, is of the same kind with that employed in the common recitative, as being that which has the greatest variety, and suffers the fewest restrictions, and, as such, the best adapted to the irregular nature of such passages. Having thus endeavoured to explain to your Lordship the nature of *recitative, simple and accompanied*, of those distinctions on which they are respectively founded, and of the species of verse in which they are written, I proceed to treat of Air, and of the different kinds of versification which are employed in it. As to the principles which direct the choice in adapting particular measures to particular airs, I shall have nothing to say, they being exactly the same with those by which the lyric poet adapts the verse to the various subjects of an ode—the heroic to the grave and sublime—that which still partakes of dignity, though rather smooth than grand, to the tender and pathetic—that which is more violent and unequal, to the highly impassioned parts—and that which is of the airy dancing kind, to the lighter and more lively passages of the piece. Distinctions, which, it may be observed, are evidently consequences of the original union of poetry and music.

I am well aware, that great part of what I have here said of the power of the Italian music would, to many, perhaps to most people, appear the language rather of enthusiasm than of anything else. Perhaps it partly is so; for my own feelings, on the authority alone of which I speak, may, in some degree, proceed from enthusiasm. Whether this be the case, or whether the effects I mention be completely real, but take place in consequence of certain sensibilities, so partially distributed among mankind, that, perhaps, even the lesser number are susceptible of these effects, I do not presume to determine. If this last be the case (and there is no absurdity in supposing it to be so), it is evident, however, that those who profess so great a

degree of sensibility to the powers of music will be very apt to appear affected and enthusiastic to the rest of mankind, who are, surely, in some degree, justified for calling in question the existence of pleasures to which, possessing the same organs, all in seeming equal perfection, they find themselves perfect strangers. Whilst, on the other hand, those who acknowledge the power of music, will think they have a complete right to assert the reality of that of which they have so feeling a conviction. For my own part, I am firmly persuaded, that what I have ventured to advance to your Lordship touching the effects of music, is not at all exaggerated with respect to the feelings of thousands besides myself. Nay, it is my opinion that, were musical entertainments arrived to that degree of perfection to which they might be brought, they could not fail of producing effects much more powerful than any I ever had an opportunity of experiencing.

Brown.

ANOTHER LETTER OF BEETHOVEN'S.*

In the course of last winter, a Viennese autograph-collector, who does not wish his name to be mentioned, kindly placed at my disposal the following letter of Beethoven's:

"DEAR G. L.,

"It strikes me there are still some few slight errors in the Sonata and I beg you therefore to let me have my Manuscript back for a few hours that I may look at it; the M., supposing you attach any value to it, you can have returned immediately—thanks for your copies.

"Entirely

"Your g—s

"L. V. BEETHOVEN."

This document, which we give unaltered, was evidently addressed to a publisher; that is a conclusion we must draw from the mention of "copies"; Beethoven's precaution, also, of having the Manuscript sent back on account of "some few slight errors" can scarcely be explained save by the fact that the Sonata mentioned was about to be engraved. The question now arises: To which of Beethoven's sonata-publishers was the letter addressed, for among them there was not one whose name agrees with the "G. L." of the opening.

It did not require much effort to hit on the idea that Beethoven was writing to a publisher whom he was accustomed to address by a jocular nickname, the abbreviation of which is represented by the initials in question. Now we know, from J. Seyfried's appendix to the *Studien L. v. Beethoven's*, that the great master, when corresponding with the firm of Steiner & Co., always styled the head of the house "Lieutenant-General"† and himself "Generalissimo."‡ Tob. Haslinger, Junr., was, as we are aware, "Adjutantierl."§ After weighing these facts, we consider it highly probable that the heading meant "Dear Lieutenant General"§ and the conclusion

"Entirely

"Your Generalissimo

"L. V. BEETHOVEN."

The letter was, therefore, addressed to Steiner. So much for the personal element. We may fix, with something like precision, the year 1815 as the date. Of Beethoven's Sonatas only Op. 90, Op. 96, and Op. 101 were originally published by Steiner & Co. See Nottbohm's *Thematic Catalogue of Beethoven's Works*; the first in June, 1815; Op. 96, in June, 1816; and the last in February, 1817. In the upper right hand corner of the autograph letter some other person has written in pencil the date 1815, which, according to what has been said, is probably the correct one, and Op. 90, therefore, the "E minor Sonata for Pianoforte, dedicated to the Right Honourable Moritz, Count of Lichnowsky" (Vienna, Steiner & Co.—publishers' number: 2350) was the work to which the composer's short letter refers. The handwriting of the letter presents the greatest similarity to Beethoven's handwriting of the period from 1810 to 1825. The great man's signature will undoubtedly be considered to justify the publication of what would, without it, be an unimportant document.

SALZBURG.—The general annual meeting of the International Mozart Institution will be held on the 30th September. The principal question to be discussed is the proposed fusion of the International Institution and the Mozarteum.

* Addressed to the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, by Dr Theodor Frimmel.

† These words are respectively in German: "General-Lieutenant" and "Generalissimo."

‡ "Little Adjutant."

§ "Lieber General-Lieutenant."

|| "Ihr Generalissimo."

MUSIC IN MELBOURNE (AUSTRALIA).

(From an irregular Correspondent.)

During the past few years music as an art has made rapid progress in this city. This is principally due to the musical profession itself, in whose hands the duty of improving and elevating the public taste should always remain. The leading professionals have vigorously laboured for years in the laudable desire of presenting to the public the master-works and chamber music of the great composers, thus educating the public taste in the right direction. At first, small success attended their efforts, but, little by little, the audiences were won over, until now they are as critical a body as can be found in any corresponding city of the world. The healthy vigour shown by the musical community of this city at the present time is unquestionable. There are several orchestral and choral societies, the Philharmonic being the oldest and most important. Two professional societies—the Musical Artists and the Musical Association—are both on the same "lines" as the London institutions. A regular season of English and Italian opera, and numerous chamber concerts of purely classical music, are matters of course.

The Metropolitan Liedertafel gave their fifty-ninth concert on Monday evening, June 6th, in the Town Hall, Mme Carlotta Patti, Mr Ernest de Munk (violinello), and Signor Campi-Cellaj (baritone) taking part. Wagner's *Fest of Pentecost*, with great organ and orchestral accompaniment, was admirably rendered. Beethoven's third concerto for piano and orchestra was also given. Mme Patti and her husband, Mr de Munk, were made honorary members of the society, the "diva" being presented with a handsome wreath of gold set with brilliants. The hall was crowded by a fashionable and enthusiastic audience. It was tastefully decorated with large ferns and pot plants. Henri Ketten, the Hungarian pianist, is giving pianoforte recitals at the Opera-house to crowded houses. He introduces, on the average, 17 numbers each night, and has been playing 20 consecutive nights, drawing largely on Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, and Mendelssohn. A new Italian opera company begins in a few weeks hence; the operas to be performed are *L'Africaine*, *La Favorita*, *Don Giovanni*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Don Carlos* (Verdi). H. J. S.

STRAYS OF MEMORY AND MEYMOTT.

(To the tune of "Old King Cole." Accentuate accordingly.)

He called for his pipe and he called for his glass
And he called for his fiddlers three.

* * * * *

There was Paganini and Spagnoletti
And to make up the three Mori
For King Cole he was fond of a tri-
-O, fond of a trio was he.

* * * * *

Spagnoletti and Mori they played an oratori
And the great Paganini
Played God save the King on a single string
And he went twelve octaves high.

* * * * *

Then Spagnoletti took Viotti in G
And his concerto played he
But at page 44 King Cole began to snore
So they parted company.

* * * * * (The Seven Asteroids)

And these are the whole of the records of King Cole
(I forgot this line, F. C. B.)
If you like you may see 'em at the British Museum
In Russell Street Bloomsbury.

DR HAHNEMANN BLIDGE.

Eccentric Club—July, 1839.

VIENNA.—The Imperial Operahouse was re-opened on the 15th with *Fidelio*.—The season at the Theater an der Wien will probably commence about the third week in September with Mad. Gailmeyer. Should this arrangement be carried out, Herr Strauss's buffo opera, *Das Spitzentuch der Königin* (The Queen's Lace Handkerchief) will be reserved, as the second novelty, till October.—The Emperor has conferred the Francis-Joseph Cross on Herr Hans Richter.

DEATH.

On the 20th August, at 47, Queensborough Terrace, Bayswater, W., ELEONORA, widow of the late CHARLES JOHN KEAN, in her 74th year. Friends will please accept this intimation. American and Australian papers, please copy.

On the 20th August, at 9, Western Terrace, Brighton, Signor ERCOLE MECCATI, Professor of Music, deeply lamented.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1880.

Sonnets.

No. 1.

*The sun in sounds as of a dying psalm
Now finisheth upon the outer sea
His evening prayer. Now, at its mother's knee
The child unclaspeth little palm from palm.
The weary wind its own self doth embalm
In twilight. Jaded horses harness-free
At last are getting some tranquility.
The grand old world seems in a glorious calm.*

*Seems—Yes there's peace upon this side at least
But fight and fret and dizzy joy and woe
Are gone with that same sun to rise in fire
Of undiminished fever at the east
Of strange far lands,—while higher—higher—higher—
The moon here slowly soareth—white as snow.*

No. 2.

*The sea is running in far over the shore
In one great sheet of surf phantasmal-pale
That boils and leaps up in a waste and wail.
The pier-ends are buried in the hoar
Flood-onslaughts. Now and then above the roar
Rise sounds of seamen's voices with the gale.
A ship alongside's getting ready to sail.
"Let go that stern rope." "Aye, aye, sir." No more.
We're drifting clear. Now off to the boisterous night
And off to the boisterous ocean black and big.
Thud thud the paddles go. We've left the quay.
The gusts burst stronger. Now we're out of sight.
Hark to that monotone athwart the rig
Mixed with the moan from the incessant sea.*

P. Peters.

A Night's Real Entertainment.

John Toole!—Byron (LORD Byron)—Doublechick!—"Upper Crust!"—Every character well played. Toole incomparable. Go all to see it. It prolongs life. "Folly," if you like—but such folly as beats wisdom. HOCH!

Dishley Peters.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

(Berlin Correspondence of the "Standard.")

"Mme Sarah Bernhardt has given occasion to an incident of international importance. At the public dinner in her honour at Copenhagen, Baron Magnus, the German Envoy, proposed a toast to France, who had sent them her most beautiful and talented daughter to amuse and delight the North. Mme Bernhardt, in reply, made a pointed speech, at the close of which she expressed a hope that the toast of the German Envoy had been to the whole of France, Alsace-Lorraine included. Upon this the Danish members of the party having enthusiastically cheered, the actress intoned the "Tapfere Landsoldat," the well-known war-song of 1863. A member of the French Legation then descended upon the ancient intimate relations between Denmark and France, upon which there were more cheers and more cries. At this juncture the Danish gentleman who

presided at the banquet thought it wise to rise from the table. It is expected that Baron Magnus will be instructed to take a prolonged leave of absence. To speak of the impression this has produced in Germany is hardly necessary."

Thus showing that our unparalleled Sarah, although her name is German, is in heart thoroughly French. Gallant little lady! Gifted little genius!—as beautiful as she is gifted. The way to preserve eternal peace and amity between Gaul and Teuton would be to make Alsace-Lorraine an independent neutral country, like Belgium and Switzerland, and appoint Sarah Bernhardt Queen. The Czar and both Kaisers (to say nothing of Mr Gladstone) would be at her feet, which the Pope himself would like to kiss. Queen Sarah the First! Fancy! Unfortunately, there could never be a Sarah the Second. By the way, to preserve eternal peace and amity between the two most potential Latin nations, Savoy and Nice should also be made into an independent quendom, and the crown placed upon the head of our Sarah, who would thus be twice Queen, as she is already twice Art's High Priestess. President Grévy would then embrace King Humbert, and Italy and France be inseparable (at least, during the reign of Good Queen Sarah).

Enigmatic Dream.

One Thousand Pounds Reward for a solution!



Old King Mole was a mer-ry old soul, &c.



On old King Mole's left cheek was a coal so he called for his secretary — and bad him to look in a fortune-telling book and see what his fortune might be the — secretary said when his fortune he had read — and cast his nativity that a coal on the face boded something would take place but not what that something might be

Moral.

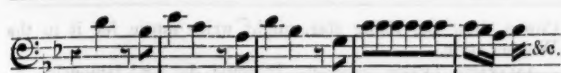
He who tumbles in a ditch must take his chance — twist

toss and pitch he who tumbles from an oss must take his chance twist pitch and toss



[Every night
The midshipmite
Is sung by a church-
warden

In tones so drear
'Tis hard to hear
When sung at Covent
Garden]



(Inquiry Motive.)

Once in a wood
To get out if he could

Was chiefly the aim
Of Alderman Hood

This is how he did it:—



[Thus some old masters, afraid of leaving off on the lesser third.
DR BLIDGE.]

—vanishing (like John Oxenford) with a faint laugh (on the B natural—*)

Old King Grove
Was a jolly old cove
And a jolly old cove was he

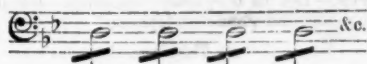
So he called for a pen
And he called for some ink
And he wrote a Dictionary

This set matters right, and so we go round and round. It is now to speak of Flosshilde

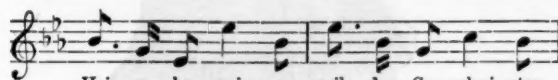
Terrific Tempest.

Voice of Mr Ap' Mutton (from the Nebula behind Orion).—Who named that name? She has learned to love me!

Convulsions—Sunquakes—Earth goes round Moon.



Voice of Richard Wagner (from Vesuvius).—Confound that Ap' Mutton, I can't utter the name of my favoured Rheindaughter without storm enough to reduce Wahnfried and Walhalla to ashes. I must content myself with Woglinde and Wellgunde. Nevertheless I will sing—



Hei - a ha wei - a wil - des Ge - schwi - ster

Tempest—waterspouts.

Voice of Mr Ap' Mutton (from behind Orion).—That is Flosshilde' song, the song of my tief-Sopran!!

Hurricane. Roof of Bayreuth Theatre blown off.



Hül . . fe! Hül . fe! Weh! Weh!

And that, Nym would say, is the jurisdiction of it. It is the "Weh!" of the world, my Polkaw. O by Abbs! O by Adnan!

Old King Grove
Was a jolly old cove
And a jolly old cove was he

So he called for a pen
And called for some ink
And he wrote a Dictionary

This set matters right, and so we go round and round. And now we may speak of

Lightning and Thunder.

—No, we may not, by the way. Woglinde—Hoch! Wellgunde—Hoch!

In der Tiefe des Rheines.



MAN WITH UMBRELLA.—Humph! In der Tiefe des Rheines. No umbrellas here. What would be the use of 'em? I'm not so downy as I thought, and yet down deeper than I expected. Humph!

Enter Alberich stealthily from his subaqueous cave.



MAN WITH UMBRELLA.—Ho! (lets drop umbrella and is drowned).

ALBERICH (picking up umbrella).—Heugh! A shabby one! Shall give it to brother Mime.

[Exit with umbrella to belabour Mime.
At the Albion.



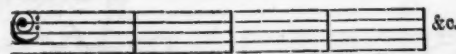
D—R.—What's the meaning of all this? Dem it! Can't make it out any how. Regular jumble. 'Spose Odell's got the key. If not, I'll ask Toole.

[Exit hurriedly to Green-room Club.

At the Crystal Palace.

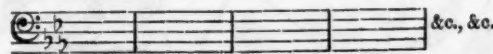


Ah! Schubert (bless him!)
Ah! Schumann (bless him!)
Can't fathom this Ocean yet.
Blow this Ocean!
Must ask Arthur.



(Octave lower.)

Makes me think of Rheingold.



By Jove—Zeus—Jupiter—Jah—Czar—Shah!—Pshaw!—I'll ask Arthur. Where's Arthur? What's all this about an "Enigmatic Dream" in the Musical World to-day?

By telephone from St James's Hall.

VOICE FROM ARTHUR CHAPPELL.—Don't understand.

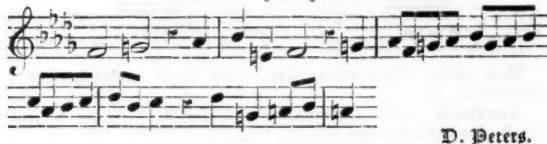
G. G.—By Jove! I've telephoned the wrong Arthur! I must telephone again to A. S. S.

Arthur S.! Arthur S.!—What's it all about?

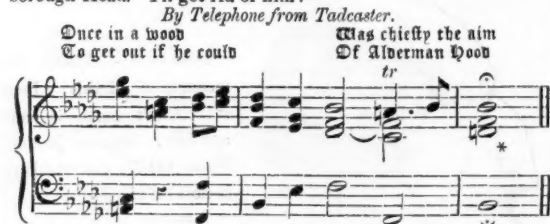
VOICE FROM ALBERT MANSIONS.—I say, old man, I'm busy with the Leeds Martyr, don't you know? Can't be disturbed. Ask D. Peters, with enclosed Inquiry Motive. He answers to no other. Busy with his promised autobiography, don't you know?



VOICE FROM LOWER SYDENHAM.—Then I shall telephone D. P. Answer by Telephone.



From Service Tree and Sable.
Who's that disturbing my Auto? Oh! it's Head—Sir Flam-
borough Head. I'll get rid of him:—



—vanishing (like John Oxenford) with a faint laugh (on the D natural—*.)
[Thus some old masters, afraid of leaving off on the lesser third.—DR BLIDGE.]

At the Bear and Basket—Ashby de la Zouch.
MAN WITH(OUT) UMBRELLA.—After been blown up to the surface of the Rhine by Septimus Wind, and escorted to this tavern by the brothers Eagles, I can find no shadow of an umbrella. I've lost my own. That Niblung filched it. I thought I was drowned; but here I am at Ashby de la Zouch. What a God-forgotten place! Bother the castle! I don't value it a straw. What do I rate historical associations? At less than a straw. Bare was I born, bare I remain, and if I lose nothing as little I gain. If you hunt in the sky the starlings will fly, and evil tongues wont refrain from the Pope himself.

[Exit disappointed.]



Voices from Warwick Crescent.
MANAGER.—Don't you think this would do for an opera?

Cowen, now the rising star, might write music for it in the Wagner style.

AMATEUR TENOR (eagerly).—It would do, Aw! famously. I, Aw! would play Siegfried—Aw!

MANAGER.—No part for you, old boy. Besides, Siegfried isn't in the plot.

AMATEUR TENOR.—Aw! but Cowen could put him in—or, if not, Austin? Burnand would give him the tip.

MANAGER.—Wont do at any price. How the deuce could you look Siegfried?

AMATEUR TENOR.—Aw! Tom Hohler says that since he left the stage there is no one but myself, aw! that has his appearance aw!

MANAGER.—Tom Hohler would be just the thing, but compared with Tom Hohler you are a shrimp, or at the best a prawn.

AMATEUR TENOR.—Aw! Got a cigar, old fellow?

Scene changes to Mutual Admiration Land.

F. L.
H. VON B.
E. D.
F. H.
E. P.
H. R.
C. A. B.

Where's Wolzogen? This is a mystery. Let us consult the Oracle. The Oracle never deceives. The Oracle is oracular.

By Telephone.

THE SEVEN.—What signifies this mystery?

By Telephone.

Oracle.—Kundry. Parsifal. Don't talk so much till it is finished—till the That is done. Ask Wolzogen and Rubinstein (not Anton Nero—he denies the gospel. Boito, with Nerome, will convert him). Send to America. The Americans are my real friends. They have offered me a million marks to live and die on Coney Island.

THE SEVEN.—Let us telephone—telephone—telephone—telephone—telephone—telephone—telephone!

By Telephone.

What signifies this mystery?

Voice from Isle off Bergen, Norway.



COMELY AMERICAN GIRL.—It means this.—Poor Ole!



and this.—Poor Bull!



Also that you are not sure right away of the States, you guess. If Carmen pleases to consult the Oracle down the crater of Vesuvius, this American girl tarnation wont. Poor Ole Bull!

Schluss folgt.

BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

Dr J. Ammann, who succeeded to the management of Wandelt's Institute for Pianoforte-Instruction after Wandelt's decease, and settled in Hanover, has returned to this city, and opened a new music-school under the old name. Herr Fischer, of Blankenburg, has become director of the establishment in Hanover.—The manager of the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater has promised Herr Arno Kleffel, in consideration of long and faithful services, a farewell benefit, for which the departing *Capellmeister* has selected Lortzing's opera *Die beiden Schützen*.—*Fidelio* was selected to inaugurate the operatic season, on the 24th inst., in the Theatre Royal, instead of the Operahouse, which is in repair.—The popular actress, Mdle V. Wenta, leaves the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, to devote herself exclusively henceforth to opera.

SARAH BERNHARDT.—Mdle Bernhardt is at Aix-les-Bains, where she will give one of her performances comprised in her French tour.

A MONUMENT is being erected in memory of Rouget de Lisle, composer of the "Marseillaise." General Garibaldi has collected a very large amount in Italy towards the object.

EDINBURGH.—The Presidency of the Art Department in Edinburgh has been accepted by Mr W. B. Richmond, Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford.

HOPES FOR PARSIFAL.

(From the "Graphic.")

During May, June, and July, thirty new members enrolled themselves in the "Bayreuth Patronage Association." They belong to various towns in Germany and abroad. By the payment of forty-five marks down, or an instalment of fifteen marks for 1880 (the whole sum, of course, to be made up in due time, or otherwise the instalment forfeited), members are entitled to the privilege of attending the performance of the new "Festival play," *Parsifal*, in the year 1882. The Theatre Fund has received 1,000 marks from the Universal Musical Association of Germany, and 1,745 marks, through exceptional offerings, from the "faithful," who religiously look upon Wagner and his doctrines as representing the only legitimate gospel! When, until now, were the true interests of Art advanced by such means? Beethoven never asked for subscriptions all over the world in order to propagate his immortal symphonies, quartets, and sonatas. He took what he could get for them from his publishers, and there was an end of it. The Wagnerian system of soliciting alms is becoming preposterous. If people only knew of what kind of stuff this *Parsifal* is made, they would open their eyes a little. Instead of the chaste Percival of our own Arthurian legend, we have simply a booby; and as for the nondescript Kundry, virtual heroine of the drama—Oh! (The less said the better.)

[About the music I should like to say something, but, knowing nothing, can't say anything. That it will be of Wagner's best I entertain little doubt. *Parsifal* was begun in 1864. Will *Dors* follow immediately? If not, I recommend *Grunmor Grunmorzom*, or *Floß of the Out-Isles*.—DR BLIDGE.]

BRUSSELS.

(Correspondence.)

La Muette de Portici of Auber played an important part in the Belgian revolution of 1830; it was the spark that fired the train. Its revival at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie during the Quinquagintenary of Belgian Independence was, therefore, pretty well a matter of course, and to be considered a patriotic even more than an artistic event. The house was crammed to suffocation; even the lobbies and corridors swarmed with persons anxious to take part in this national manifestation. A large box in the best part of the auditorium was set apart for the survivors who had been wounded in 1830, and who, after the grand duet between Masaniello and Pietro, "Amour sacré de la patrie," were the objects of a most enthusiastic ovation, the whole audience rising and cheering them to the echo. The duet was sung with great spirit and force by MM. Sylva and Devoyod. The "Prayer" in the third act was effectively given by the chorus. On the 18th inst., a gala performance was held in honour of the representatives (headed by the Lord Mayor) of foreign and provincial corporations, the pieces being *Richard Cœur-de-Lion* and *Gilles Raviaseur*.—A prize was offered by the Government to the author of the best words, French or Flemish, adapted for a national patriotic song. Of eighty-six compositions sent in—seventy-one French and fifteen Flemish—not one was considered by the judges worthy of the prize, which consequently was not awarded.

HOMBURG.—Mdle Victoria de Bunsen and Herr Hollman gave, by desire, two excellent concerts here, on the 17th and 21st August, assisted by the well-known London amateur barytone, Mr Charles Mason, and the equally well-known composer, Mr Hamilton Clarke, who, on both occasions, played the first movement from Mendelssohn's sonata for pianoforte and violoncello with that admirable artist, Herr Hollman. Mr Clarke also accompanied the vocal music, which comprised the Toréador's song from *Carmen*, sung with much spirit by Mr Mason. Mdle de Bunsen sang Depret's "Ave Maria," with violoncello *obbligato*, at Herr Hollman's *soirée*, and was so much applauded, that she had to return to the orchestra, and give one of her popular Swedish melodies, accompanying herself on the pianoforte. Herr Hollman's performances on the violoncello consisted of a fantasia by Servais on a theme from Beethoven, a romance of his own composition, a mazurka by Chopin, and a "papillon" by Popper. All of these exhibited his thorough command of the instrument, and won high appreciation from the audience. Both concerts were very well attended by English and German families visiting this favourite resort.

RAPPELLE-TOI.

I.

Rappelle-toi lorsque l'aurore craintive
Ouvre au soleil son palais enchanté ;
Rappelle-toi lorsque la nuit pensive
Passe en rêvant sous son voile argenté,
A l'appel du plaisir lorsque ton cœur palpite
Aux doux songes du soir lorsque l'ombre t'invite ;
Ecoute au fond du bois murmurer une voix,
Rappelle-toi, rappelle-toi, rappelle, rappelle-toi.

II.

Rappelle-toi lorsque les destinées
M'auront de toi pour jamais séparé,
Quand le chagrin, l'exil et les années
Auront flétri ce cœur désespéré.
Songe à mon triste amour, songe à l'adieu suprême,
L'absence ni le temps ne sont rien quand on aime !
Tant que mon cœur battra toujours il te dira,
Rappelle-toi, rappelle-toi, rappelle, rappelle-toi.

III.

Rappelle-toi quand sous la froide terre
Mon cœur brisé pour toujours dormira ;
Rappelle-toi quand la fleur solitaire
Sur mon tombeau doucement s'ouvrira.
Je ne te verrai plus—mais mon âme immortelle
Reviendra près de toi comme une sœur fidèle ;
Ecoute dans la nuit une voix qui gémit,
Rappelle-toi, rappelle-toi, rappelle, rappelle-toi.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

* The French version by Alfred de Musset of this adaptation has been most charmingly set to music by Mrs W. Blanchard Jerrold.

BAYREUTH.

(Correspondence.)

During the three summer months of May, June, and July, the Bayreuth Patronage Association has been reinforced by 30 members, belonging to 20 different towns in Germany and abroad. For a lump payment of 45 marks, or an instalment of 15 for 1880, each new member purchased the right of attending the performance of the "Festival-Play," *Parsifal*, in 1882. In addition to the above amounts, the Theatre Fund has been augmented by 1,000 marks from the Universal Musical Association of Germany, and 1,745 marks as extra or exceptional offerings from the "faithful."

THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFFOD.—The proceedings of the National Eisteddoff of 1880 were commenced at Carnarvon on Tuesday with the ancient ceremony of holding a Gorsedd, or Bardic Council, within the walls of the Castle, in which ceremony a large number of the bards and *litterati* of Wales took part. A procession was formed, headed by the boys of the training ship *Clio* and their efficient brass band, and the several civil and military bodies of the town. The president for the day was Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, M.P., who was escorted amidst much enthusiasm to the pavilion. The proceedings having been opened by the *Clio* brass band, Sir Watkin delivered an appropriate address, in which he referred to the remarkable musical taste of the Welsh people. The chief item in the day's programme was the choral competition for a prize of £150 and gold medal, for which four choirs had entered—viz., Acrefair Philharmonic Society, Holyhead Choir, Llangollen Tonic Sol-fa Choir, and Birkenhead Cambrian Choral Union. The choirs were limited to 150 voices, the pieces being "See from his nest" (Handel's *Belshazzar*), "While everlasting ages roll," and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The prize was awarded to the Birkenhead choir, the Llangollen choir being a worthy second. The adjudicators were Dr Stainer, organist of St Paul's Cathedral, Mr John Thomas, Harpist to the Queen, and Mr John Thomas, Llanwrtyn Wells. The Birkenhead choir was led by Mr William Parry. In the evening a grand concert was given, which was largely attended. A meeting of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion was held at 9 a.m., presided over by Mr Hugh Owen, when a paper was read by Mrs Thomas, of Bethesda, upon Eisteddoffic reform. A short discussion followed, in which the Dean of Bangor took part. A paper was read by Mr O. Owen, B.A., upon "Higher Education in Wales." The President for the day was Mr W. Cornwallis West, of Ruthin Castle, Lord-Lieutenant of Denbighshire.

REMEMBER ME.*

I.

Remember me, dear love, when rosy morn
First opes her jewell'd portals to the sun ;
Remember me, when pensive eve upborne
On star gemm'd veil through endless space floats on,
When pleasure's siren tones with sweetest strains invite,
When night her mantle flings with dreams of soft delight.
Hark ! through the woods my voice shall murmur still to thee,
Remember me, remember me, oh still remember me.

II.

Remember me, when far a ruthless fate
Our lives has sunder'd with remorseless hand,
And exile, sorrow, years, or sad "too late"
Have crushed my heart within their iron band.
Remember how I loved my last, my sad farewell,
Yet absence, time, are naught to those who love so well ;
Long as my heart will beat, for aye 'twill say to thee,
Remember me, remember me, oh still remember me.

III.

Remember still, when 'neath the dewy sod,
My broken heart for aye will sink to rest ;
Remember still, when from that earth to God,
The fragrant flower shall rear its snowy crest.
Yet my immortal soul, bright with love's tender light,
Shall hover near thee still throughout the dark'ning night,
And whisper soft, dear love—I'm ever near to thee,
Remember me, remember me, oh still remember me.

"CARLEON."

SARAH BERNHARDT.

(From "The Parisian.")

Mlle Sarah Bernhardt has received the Swedish Order of Merit, an honour never previously conferred upon an actress.

The five representations of Sarah Bernhardt at Copenhagen produced about 65,000 frs. Her share was 12,500 frs.

Mlle Sarah Bernhardt has offered to pay to the Comédie-Française the sum of 100,000 frs., to which she has been condemned, in four yearly instalments of 25,000 frs. The Committee have not yet replied, but it is very probable that her offer will be accepted.

WALTER MACFARREN'S NEW SYMPHONY.—At the second Promenade concert of the Messrs Gatti devoted to music by English composers, among the other things deserving a hearty welcome, on more than one account, was Mr Walter Macfarren's "Brighton Symphony," under which title it is generally accepted, in consequence of its having been written for and first introduced at Mr Kuhe's yearly Brighton Festival, in February last. The merit of this composition is unquestionable, and nothing but a sustained manner of its own is wanting to place it, as a work of high pretension, beyond the pale of criticism. Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Sterndale Bennett, however, continually peeping out, the impression is in a great degree what may be termed kaleidoscopic. Mr Macfarren must have been strongly fascinated by the *canzonetta* belonging to Mendelssohn's earlier Quartet in E flat, and by a certain theme which figures conspicuously in the last movement of Bennett's pianoforte concerto in the same key (No. 2) ; but the leaning towards Mozart is predominant and, let it be added, healthy. Apart from these considerations, the symphony is interesting throughout, the first and most important movement striking us as best of all. It could hardly have been more carefully played than by the fine orchestra under the direction of Mr Cowen, who is becoming more and more master of the position he was unexpectedly called upon to occupy.—*Graphic*

PESTH.—A bill for the protection of literary and artistic property in Hungary will shortly be introduced into the Hungarian Parliament.

THE PRECURSORS OF THE PIANOFORTE.

(From a Correspondent.)

You reported a fortnight since the interesting concert held at St James's Hall by Mr Brinsmead, of Wigmore Street, for the exhibition of his patent grand pianofortes. On the same evening Mr Brinsmead showed some of his smaller instruments, as the "Parlour Grand" pianoforte, and, for the sake of contrast, previously engaged Herr Bonavitz to play pieces on sundry old-fashioned keyed instruments, from which, in the scientific language of Darwin, has been gradually developed the modern grand pianoforte. Our ancestors used the instruments known as spinet, virginal, and harpsichord, or clavicord. The spinet, otherwise called the "couched harp," from its resemblance to a horizontal harp, was much smaller than the harpsichord; the strings, placed at an angle to the keys, were of cat-gut, and sounded by leathern or quill plectra, which caught, or "twigged," them. The "virginal," not derived from Queen Elizabeth's celibacy, but from *virga*, the Latin for rods (the rods attached to the keys), resembled a square box; the strings were of metal (brass, instead of cat-gut), one string for each note. The sound, as in the spinet, was produced by quills, whale-bone, leather, or, sometimes, elastic metal, attached to slips of wood, called "jacks," provided with metal springs. The virginal was the precursor of the harpsichord, and some say of the spinet.

The harpsichord, clavecin, clavicord, clavicembale, or flügel, was so far an improvement that the strings were made (as now) of steel wire, with an alloy of copper for certain deep notes. There were in some instruments two keyboards, for *piano* and *forte* effects; and also stops, for the modification of the sound, by connecting the mechanism with, or disconnecting it from, three or four strings. The Italian term *clavi-cembalo* indicates the "cymbal" character of the tone. The keys were attached to levers, with the "jacks," as before; the plectra were still crowquills, or hard leather, sometimes ivory or tortoise shell, which produced something like "a scratch with a sound at the end of it."

The masters of later date, Handel and Mozart to wit, played on harpsichords, or clavicords. Cristofoli is generally recognized as the inventor of the modern pianoforte. The great change from the old harpsichord consisted in the substitution of wooden hammers for quills, the improved "action," the pedalling work, the extension of the compass, and the raising of the pitch. The "repetition" and "upright check" actions are fine specimens of the craft and mystery of pianoforte manufacture. We all remember, thirty or forty years ago, the old upright pianoforte of only 5½ octaves, from F to C, and the old "squares" of six octaves (now *rare aves*), from F to F, whereof one advantage was that a vocalist could "sing" in that reverberation from the bolt "upright." Then came the extension of compass, 6½ octaves, from C to A, and at last the full seven octaves, from A to A. Here, however, the gain is questionable, seeing that the notes in *altissimo* have hardly any sound at all, whilst the lowest bass notes are nearly always too flat. An accomplished musician, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, has published an edition of Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas, with extensions of the compass (in alt), as the master would have written (if he had had a modern "grand" at his disposal.* Herr Bonavitz, at the evening concert, played solos on the virginal, harpsichord, "Gluck" pianoforte, and "Pleyel," "Chopin," and Brinsmead's pianofortes were afterwards exhibited by Herr Bonavitz and Miss Bessie Richards. The tone of the virginal fairly convulsed the musicians, and the harpsichord, with its two rows of keys, produced but little more effect.† The virginal resembles a box, and the inside of the lid is painted à la Watteau. The keys are of a faded yellow colour. The compass of virginal and harpsichord is the same—viz., 4½ octaves, from B to F. The "Gluck" pianoforte extends from G to F (4½ octaves),

* How does Miss Zimmermann know what Beethoven would have done? Pio Ciachettini, Dussak's nephew, did a similar thing for two of the grand sonatas of his uncle, and the effect, as might be imagined, was to take away all the individual character of the passages. Such liberties with dead masters are wholly indefensible—in short, acts of Vandalism.—DR BLIDGE.

† So much the worse for the appreciation of these so-called "musicians." Every instrument had its time, and every time has produced its instrument. To deride the past is only the act of those incapable of appreciating, because very imperfectly acquainted with, the present.—DR BLIDGE.

and the "Chopin," a "Pleyel Grand," from C to G, 6½ octaves. We cite this modern instrument to show the immense stride from the time of Gluck. One striking point in the old instruments is their low pitch. The virginal could not be tuned even up to the old concert-pitch, and a careful test convinced me that it is a full minor third below the present "Philharmonic" pitch—the same will apply to the harpsichord. The two virginals (one nearly worn out) were lent by Messrs Chappell, of New Bond Street.

The pieces played by Herr Bonavitz were selected from the works of Thomas Ford (the Elizabethan composer), Muffatt, Couperin, Rameau, Domenico Scarlatti, J. S. Bach, and Gluck. Mr James Sauvage sang Purcell's "Mad Tom" to the harpsichord accompaniment of Mr W. Ganz, and Miss B. Elliott, Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," to an accompaniment on the Gluck pianoforte. Our modern pianoforte, in a broad sense,* is, virtually, a return to the Bible keyed instrument, called "Dulcimer," familiarised by painful repetition, together with psalter, sackbut, flute, &c., in the first lesson—or what used to be the first morning lesson—for the nineteenth Sunday after Trinity. The dulcimer of the Hebrews was a keyed instrument, struck by two hammers in the hands of the player, on the drum and drumstick principle. Thus does the world move. Man, like the globe, rotates and revolves.

A. M.

WAIFS.

A "Soldier's Daughter" has received the Queen's gracious thanks for her poem of the "Old Colours" (printed in last week's *Musical World*)—the sequel to "Isundula," a volume of Impromptus by the same author, accepted by Her Majesty some time since.

MR CARRODUS AT BLACKPOOL.—We never remember hearing Mr Carrodus, or indeed any other man, with greater pleasure than on that occasion. Again and again we thought of the pun in the summer number of the *Yorkshireman* about the man who *Car-rod-dus* away. The vast audience was simply entranced as the music of the "Carnival of Venice" went out in such melodious numbers from that almost magical violin. The youthful son of the performer—Master B. Carrodus—accompanied, with great skill and taste, on the piano.—*Blackpool Times*.

Miss Catherine Penna is reposing at Brighton.

The Ferni family have left Madrid, and been singing at La Granja. Haydn's *Seasons* is announced by the Istituto Cherubini, Leghorn. The Pagliano, Florence, will open in the autumn with *Lu Forza del Destino*.

Max Bruch's *Odysseus* has been performed three times at the Theatre Riga.

Señor Gayarre, intent upon a holiday, will accept no engagements for the winter.

Sig. Abrugnedo, the tenor, is now manager of the Theatre in Valencia, Spain.

Mr J. B. Jewson is passing the vacation at his favourite resort, the Isle of Thanet.

Mdme Chatterton-Bohrer, the harpist, is stopping with some friends at Squantum (U.S.).

The Theatre Royal, Wiesbaden, has re-opened with Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber von Windsor*.

M. Menu, a bass singer, late of the Grand Opera, Paris, is engaged at the new Operahouse, Geneva.

The *Tonkunst* will in future be conducted by Mdme Hahn, widow of the late editor and proprietor.

M. Gounod, not long since, paid a visit to Ostend, and a special concert was given in his honour.

La Fille de Madame Angot was performed, on the 12th inst., at the Carl-Theater, Vienna, for the 193rd time.

The rebuilding of the Théâtre des Célestins, Lyons, has commenced, and the new edifice will be ready in May, 1881.

A report circulates that Sig. de Gioia is to become manager of the Teatro Bellini, Naples, but he writes to deny it.

The new Strakosch and Hess English Opera Company opens on the 15th November at the Globe Theatre, Boston (U.S.).

Mr Candidus made his *début* at Frankfort-on-the-Maine as Florestan in *Fidelio*, but did not come up to public expectation.

Sig. Merelli has secured Mad. Marcella Sembrich (Mr Gye's new *prima donna*) for ten or twelve performances in St Petersburg.

* In a Broadwood sense?—DR BLIDGE.

M. Dubreul, Mr Mapleson's stage-manager, has been in New York about a month, making preparations for the approaching season.

Faure lately sang twice at the small Theatre in Vichy, drawing 88,500 francs the first night and 99,500 the second. (Ha!—DR BLIDGE.)

Mrs Zelda Seguin, widow of the late Edwin Seguin, was married on the 31st July, in Baltimore, U.S., to Mr David Wallace, of Indianapolis.

A two-act comedy opera, *La Belle Américaine*, music by Dr S. Austen Pearce, is to be produced in New York, under the direction of the composer.

Music will play a prominent part in the Calderon Centenary, Madrid. Among other things there is to be a "Tournament of Bards," as in *Tannhäuser*.

Mdme Ristori will give a series of performances in the principal towns of Sweden and Norway, during the months of October, November, and December.

Miss Minnie Hauk is taking a holiday in Switzerland. Next month, she will sing at some towns in Germany, as well as at Brussels, Antwerp, and Amsterdam.

Mdlle Marie Vanzandt is engaged to sing in September at the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, at the (for Copenhagen) high remuneration of 1,000 francs a night.

Remenyi, the violinist, late in New York, is shortly expected at Boston, U.S. Miss Jeannette Edmonston Walker, pupil of Sig. Randegger, is to make her appearance in the same city.

A musical and literary entertainment, in aid of the National Shipwreck Society of Sydney, was given in mid-ocean, on the 7th July, on board the Australia, by Signora Urso, Signor Camillo Urso, and other artists. It realised some thirty pounds.

"Richard Wagner"—says *The Parisian*—"has left Naples, driven away by the heat, and has taken up his quarters near Pistoia. He has completed the instrumentation of his new opera, *Percival*. The plot is taken from Boccaccio's last novel in the *Decamerone*, the trials of Griseldis, treated in the epic form by Chaucer in his "Canterbury Tales."—(Oh!—DR BLIDGE.)

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The lovers of music for its own sake, independently of surrounding circumstances, have little cause of complaint against Mr F. H. Cowen. The young English composer, and now established conductor, puts the fine orchestra at his command to the best uses. There was a very good programme on the last "English" night, including among other things the "Dance of Nymphs and Reapers," from Mr Sullivan's *Tempest* music, composed while a "Mendelssohn Scholar" at Leipzig, before he, with other English aspirants (who might advantageously have pursued their studies at home), became indoctrinated in the new school, at one time virtually headed by Schumann, but now represented in a manner that Schumann would not have tolerated, and that Mr Sullivan, to his credit be it said, has, as his best known compositions testify, repudiates. Then there was the orchestral *Suite* of Mr F. Corder, another "Mendelssohn Scholar," and another pupil of our Royal Academy of Music. This *Suite* had already been made known through the agency of the Crystal Palace Concerts—at which, from time to time, almost everything may be heard, good, bad, or indifferent; and side by side with it, Mr Harold Thomas's concert-overture, *Mountain, Lake, and Moorland*, which has one thing, if no other, in common with Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony"—that it is a chronicle of impressions rather than an attempted picture. Both works were welcome, as coming from the pens of talented English musicians. There is a marked difference, however, between them, Mr Corder aiming much more at the "descriptive" in his *Suite* than Mr Thomas in his overture. At the same time, it is but fair to admit that we prefer Mr Thomas, contemplative, at "Mountain, Lake, and Moorland," to Mr Corder, eager to paint in vivid colours all he witnessed in the Black Forest ("Im Schwarzwalde")—for such is the title he adopts—from Sunrise ("Sonnenaufgang") to "Evening at the Inn" ("Abends in Wirthshause").—*Graphic*.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The new opera-house is fast approaching completion. The portion behind the curtain was handed over by the builder to the manager on the 15th inst. The opening is fixed for the 24th of October, when the opera will probably be Mozart's *Don Juan*.—Not only does J. Stockhausen quit the Hoch Conservatory, but he is about entering into competition with it. On the 1st of October he begins a singing course of his own.

MANNHEIM.—The compliment of a "Morning Music" has been paid by the band of the Badish Grenadiers to Mr Charles Oberthür, now on a visit to Major Baron von Bocklin. Mr Oberthür's compositions for the harp are much admired here, and often played by the regimental bands quartered in the neighbourhood. On the present occasion, among other pieces given, was the romance from Mr Oberthür's opera, *Floris von Namur*.

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